

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

Volume VIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 13, 1875.

Number 25.

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Volume VIII.

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John McHale. J.M.J.G.

BY FATHER J. M. J. GRAHAM.

[The following beautiful poem, written for THE SCHOLASTIC, was intended as a tribute to the great "Lion of the Fold of Judah" on the occasion of his golden jubilee. However, the present time, when all true Irishmen are preparing to celebrate the glorious Feast of St. Patrick, has been deemed a fitting occasion for printing it. It will bear republication in June, when the golden jubilee takes place. It shows that the love for the great John of Tuam is as ardent among the Irish-Americans as among the generous, warm-hearted people of the "Green Isle." It is a fit tribute paid by America to the illustrious Archbishop McHale, a true Irishman and a true Roman.—EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC.]

I.

Thou greatest Bishop at St. Peter's throne,
Bent with the weight of honored years of toil,
Like to a round tower standing grey, alone,
Upon thy native Erin's sacred soil:
This day which seals thy fifty glorious years
With holy benediction and loud praise,
Salutes thee, first among thy mitred peers,
Crowned with the laurel wreath of fruitful days.

II.

O'Connell's complement, as he of thee,
Each unto each a gallant, fearless shield;
Lion of Judah, thou; Liberator, he;
Erin's pure heroes, born to never yield!
In the dark days when even patriot fire
Bore the base alloy of a helot fear,
Thy noble courage bade thy soul aspire,
And break for stainless Truth a stainless spear!

III.

When Ireland's champion Liberty restored,
And raised to robust life the dying thrall,
Thou, in the Name of Him thy soul adored,
Freedom baptized against a final fall.
In genius twins, redeemed Erin leaned
Upon O'Connell and on thee, McHale,
And in a field which Hate's red hands had gleaned,
Freedom found food for gallant Innisfail!

IV.

Noble old man! thy steadfast fifty years,
Mitred with honor, yet with many woes,
Have seen Hope's sunshine follow bitter tears,
Though Erin's friends oft spoke like Erin's foes!
No parchment makes thy glory, nor hath man
A part in aught which doth to thee belong;
Thy title to our love hath ever ran
In battle for the Right; in hating Wrong!

V.

Courts never loved thee, honest John McHale,
Thy soul was strong, and knew not how to bend:

Thy genius brought thee nearer to the jail,
(In Erin, that is Patriotism's end!)
Thou wert not born to be a sycophant—
To tie the lachets of a satrap's shoes;
To shake the world's propriety with cant
About Vespasian and the rebel Jews!

VI.

Thou wert no whining hound at Saxon feet,
Begging with expectation, faint and sick,
Such countenance as to a dog were meet,
That equal boon—a halfpenny or kick!
Thou heldst too high the glory of the Gael
To wear dishonor's badge—a foeman's smile!
Thou heart so true to ancient Granu Wail!
Thou strong right hand of Erin's holy Isle!

VII.

Others might fall, but thou wert ever true,
Undaunted patriot—Freedom's pioneer!
First of the honest, great, immortal few
Who live in Ireland's heart, forever dear!
Thy monument shall need no epitaph,
Cold as the marble it is writ upon;
Millions shall wash with tears the paragraph
Which in God's time shall cry:—"The Saint is gone!"

VIII.

The heart of Erin everywhere to-day
Throbs with the magic of a mighty love;
"God bless his life and death," the millions pray,
"And crown him with celestial light above!"
Aye, take him to your hearts, ye exiled band,
For, who more worthy of the love of Gael
Than he whose name is blest in every land,
True patriot-priest, immortal John McHale!

American Artists.

"American artists!" repeats some one, with a significant raising of the eyebrows and a shrug of the shoulders!

Yes, gentle reader, American artists. And from this already rich mine we intend to bring forth gems of acknowledged value. These artists have not been the wonder of a neighborhood or of a province merely. Neither, when leaving the picturesque neighborhoods in which they had the happiness to be born, have they been compelled to take low seats among the artists of their time, or in the drawing-rooms on either side of the water. They have not been found bores in society any more than tyros in the studio. Everywhere, in France, Germany, Italy, Rome itself, they have been welcomed as bearing the stamp of genius, and possessing that indefinable charm which belongs to genius.

Some of these artists were born in cities; many more, we believe, among the beautiful hills and valleys, towns and villages, scattered over our country, so rich in

natural beauties. Some of these artists had learned fathers and learned mothers, and were, from infancy, conversant with the world of art and of letters. Others never saw a masterpiece until they earned this privilege by their own artistic labors; while for culture, they depended upon those primitive schools which have trained so many statesmen and generals, judges, lawyers and doctors, for eminence. We have never known one of these artists to come of a money-loving or worldly race, or from an ignoble one. Their surroundings may have been homely, rustic; their clothing homespun; but the family could trace itself back to honorable positions and to noble events. There might not have been a "library" in the house, or books enough to fill a very large bookcase, but what books there were were standard books and thoroughly read. Often, indeed, a vein of genius, poetical or artistic, was known to have run through the family of the father or mother, and they had their own triumphs on occasions that called for an exercise of these talents. A taste for good literature prevailed in these families; and there was a refinement of manners and of ideas inherent among them which needed no dancing-master to bring out, or any "full-dress party" to educate. The secret of this inherent refinement of manners and ideas was, in many cases, a profound veneration for learning and for works of genius, whether poetical or artistic. "A good education is better than a fortune!" was one of the axioms of certain neighborhoods, states, sections, in our still new country. A boy was supposed "equal to making his way in the world" if he had a clear head, sterling virtues, and a good education. To provide for this last, the energies of the father and mother were taxed early and late; while for the two first, they were indebted to a kind Providence and to good examples in the family. Spending-money, pocket-money, was scarce in those days. Very few could afford to smoke cigars; and those who did were generally branded as "not likely to amount to much." Industry was so much a *habit* that its opposite was supposed to belong only to the vulgar or the worthless. From such a soil sprang the artists who have given glory to America, even during the first centennial of her life, as an independent nation. Some have already won their laurel crown, and sleep under the turf, which their memories will keep green for centuries to come. Others, by their gracious presence, still adorn the social life of our own land or of foreign lands, as well as our galleries, halls, and public squares by the creations of their genius. But all who have now won a name among men can be traced back to an origin honorable alike to their art and to themselves; an origin free from the lavish indulgence of the present day; free from the greed of gain, and exalted by a profound veneration for learning, even when not in actual possession of it.

In our series of artists we shall give facts in many cases personally known to us, where biographies have not been written. And yet, the poetic beauty of many of these lives will never be written by anyone. They belong to the sacred archives of families too delicate to display their treasures to the curious gaze of a crowd. E. A. S.

—**SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.** "It is easy, in the world, to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*"

The Silk-Worm.

In the vast and wondrous creation which we see around us, there is perhaps no animal which at first sight would strike the beholder as of such little consequence or usefulness as the silk-worm. On perceiving it creeping and crawling upon the ground or clinging to some shrub, with no beauty to attract the eye, nor perceptible qualities to rivet attention, one would naturally exclaim: "Surely this animal is worthless in the creation! surely no benefit can ever accrue from this insignificant creature!" and yet the history of this seemingly insignificant creature is full of the most interesting and instructive facts. It is another proof of the great wisdom of that Supreme Being who created nothing without its proper sphere in this admirably arranged world of ours; it clearly shows us that the most humble of beings may be productive of the greatest good, and it proves that real merit will ultimately be discovered and valued at its true worth.

For ages the silk-worm and the tree upon which it feeds—the mulberry-tree—were totally ignored, or, if recognized at all, were passed by as so many unimportant atoms in the catalogue of created things. It required centuries to prove to man that by a certain expenditure, great care and perseverance, he could, through this caterpillar and the mulberry-tree whose leaves nourish it, establish a new and powerful branch of industry, which in its turn would call forth all the ingenuity of the machinist, give a new impetus to commerce, and afford employment and the means of subsistence to thousands. It took long years to teach man that this humble insect was destined to play a part far superior to what at first seemed allotted to it; and now, to prove that we have not over-estimated the importance of this wonderful little insect, let us notice its formation, both inside and out, and at the same time glance over some of the interesting facts contained in its history.

It is called silk-worm, but it is in reality a caterpillar; larger than the insect found luxuriating in fruit-gardens, but smaller than the pearl-blue caterpillar found preying upon our potato fields. In proper time, like all caterpillars, it is transformed into a butterfly, and its natural history corresponds to that of the whole species of caterpillar. The small head provided with two jaws may be found at one extremity of its long, round body. These jaws, as in all insects, move from side to side, and not up and down as is the case with most animals that surround us. The body is sectioned off into rings, and on the side of each of these rings can be seen the small, round orifices through which respiration is effected. The air passes through these apertures, and is conducted to the canals, which we will presently describe. The silk-worm is furnished with ten pairs of feet, rather a large number for such a small animal, but the five last pairs are destined to disappear, and are called false feet; the three first pairs are called the true feet, or scaly feet. The intestinal arrangement consists of the digestive tube, which extends from one extremity to the other; the stomach, which is a very large cylindrical sac; the liver and kidneys, and then the very important organ which secretes the silky matter. As the animal grows, this tube is filled with a liquid which in passing through the spinners—placed near the mouth—dries in the air, and forms a thread. This thread is the material of the silk. Underneath the digestive tube is placed the nervous system, which is considered one of the most important parts in the organiza-

tion of insects as well as animals, since it seems to be the animating power of the other organs and especially of the muscles. The latter are really the motive organs with the caterpillar, as with man himself, and are admirably organized: in fact the muscular system of this insect seems superior to that of man, at least in the number of its organs. In man we find 529 muscles: in the caterpillar we discover 1,647, besides the muscles of the head and feet, which give 1,118 more. In the caterpillar, as in most animals, are found blood and a species of heart, although it is deprived of both arteries and veins: hence the blood, instead of being conducted through arteries and veins, is diffused throughout the whole body and moistens every organ.

As it is not provided with lungs, it respire through the apertures before mentioned. These openings lead to a system of canals, which branch throughout the body, carrying everywhere the air so necessary to the existence of living beings. Thus far we have seen the caterpillar as found in its maturity: but by far the most interesting and instructive period in the life of this wonderful little insect is its growth and development. The many and varying changes, the astonishing metamorphoses and the several stages it passes through have engaged the attention, elicited the admiration and incited the study of naturalists for many years. When the caterpillar first emerges from the egg it is very small, being only the twentieth part of an inch; but it rapidly attains a size which, considering its diminutiveness at birth, is truly wonderful: for instance, man is only forty times heavier than the new-born infant; but the silk-worm, when it has been fully developed, is estimated to be about 72,000 times heavier than when it first came forth from the egg. To gain such an enormous weight it must lose no time; hence scarcely has the caterpillar come into existence than it begins to eat, and most diligently does it acquit itself of this duty. After some days have elapsed, this voracious appetite disappears; the worm becomes torpid, suspends itself from some twig by its hind feet, holding the forward part of the body a little inclined. According as the temperature varies, this state of rest lasts for 24, 36, and even 48 hours; during this period the skin dries up, splits open behind the head, and immediately afterwards along the back. The caterpillar then comes forth with a new skin formed during this period of torpidity. For caterpillars in general, this remarkable term, during which they cast off the old and put on a new skin, is called *moulting*. For the silk-worm it is known by the name of *sickness*. The silk-worm changes its covering four times. When it has gone through the last moulting its appetite increases to such an extent that it is enabled to attain its full size in a few days. Then an entirely new phase appears; it ceases to eat, becomes strangely restless, wanders apparently without aim, and finally endeavors to climb. On seeing these signs, the breeder constructs a bower of brambles, or a cradle, into which the worm climbs. It selects a convenient place, suspends itself by the hind feet, and commences the process of spinning its silky thread. At first the threads are cast out in every direction, laying a framework, as it were, for the cocoon. After a few hours' busy labor the cocoon assumes a definite form, becomes opaque and firm. In 72 hours this tireless little worker has completely enshrouded itself, and the cocoon is completed. From the moment the first thread is spun, a silk-worm in good health never ceases until its work is accomplished.

The silk comes forth in one unbroken thread being 11 miles in length and 1-2400 of an inch in thickness. In spinning its thread, the silk-worm moves its head in every direction, each movement being about one-sixth of an inch; so that it must display immense activity in order to spin a thread 11 miles in length in 72 hours. To gain an idea of the wonderful rapidity of this little insect in disposing of its silk, it has been estimated that it makes nearly 300,000 motions in 24 hours, or 4,166 an hour, or 69 per minute, and here we might learn a most useful lesson from the silk-worm—that of always completing the work on hand before we undertake another. The silk-worm is now completely hid from view. Here, in its mysterious concealment, it becomes once more torpid; it contracts, changes form, and undergoes another moulting. When it comes forth from the old skin it appears no longer as a caterpillar; it is called a *chrysalis*. It has undergone a most curious change during its concealment; the head and feet are no longer visible, the color has been turned into a golden yellow, and it appears as an entirely new being. Life seems to be extinct, and it is only by the closest scrutiny that we can discern certain movements which tell us that vitality has not fled. Under this apparent stupor is in reality concealed a most wonderful activity in all its parts, which finally ends in producing the most wonderful transformation it has yet passed through.

The last grand change takes place in fifteen or seventeen days according to the temperature.

The skin splits along the back; the last moulting occurs, but the animal which is now revealed is no longer either caterpillar or chrysalis: it is the beautiful little butterfly which we see flitting from flower to flower. It is needless to describe this little insect, which is so familiar even to the commonest observer of nature. We all know that hardly a trace of the caterpillar can be found in the butterfly. Where before there existed a body almost alike in every respect, we now discern three distinct parts: the head, the chest, and the belly. The hind feet have disappeared, but, as an equivalent, we now behold wings of which before there was not the least sign. The forefeet still remain; but they have become so slender and delicate that we would scarcely recognize them. We find the transformation in the interior as complete and wonderful: indeed so striking is it that we can hardly be led to believe that the charming little creature we see flitting about in the genial sunshine was once an ungainly worm crawling in the dust.

We have thus endeavored to sketch briefly the natural history of the silk-worm. Now let us glance over a few of the principal facts in its industrial career. Away back in the dim past, in the fabulous ages of the Celestial Empire, we find mention made in the Chinese annals of an industry connected with the silk-worm. To one of their emperors, Fo-Hi, who reigned about 3,400 years before our own era, is given the honor of first using silk in a musical instrument of his own construction: hence we conclude that to China does the silk-worm and mulberry-tree belong; from China they began their march; for it appears they have always travelled side by side. All this time—5,265 years ago,—the Chinese knew nothing about raising the silk-worm or of winding the cocoon into skeins; though they are said to have spun a kind of floss from the wild caterpillar. It was not until several centuries had passed away—about 2,650 years before our era—that the manufacture of those beautiful tissues which have now become so common was first introduced, and we are not surprised to learn that it is

to the genius of a woman this discovery is attributed. To the efforts of Si-ling-Chi, an empress of China, is due the manufacture of those beautiful and costly fabrics; and so highly did her countrymen appreciate the benefit which she had conferred upon her country, that they gave her a place among their deities, and to this day worship her under the name of Sein-Theau; two words which, we are told, signify "the first who raised the silk-worm." For centuries did the Chinese jealously guard this important secret, which was the source of so much wealth to the empire; so anxious were they to prevent it from getting abroad, that death was the penalty pronounced against anyone found transporting the seed of the silk-worm or mulberry-tree beyond the limits of the empire. Hence, more than 2,000 years rolled by ere we knew from what source those rich and elegant tissues were manufactured. But it was impossible that a secret known to millions of men could be preserved forever. So, at length, through the ingenuity of a woman, were the precious seeds transplanted into another country. It is related that a princess of the empire, affianced to a king of Khokan, learned that the country which was to be her future home had neither the mulberry nor the silk worm. Thinking it impossible to do without the beautiful stuffs to which she had so long been accustomed, she resolved to do a little smuggling, and for this purpose neatly enclosed in her hair the seed of the mulberry and some eggs of the butterfly; thus concealed, eggs and seed eluded the vigilance of the officers and were transported to Khokan, where they prospered well. Thus began that journey which slowly but surely has since been extended to almost every civilized land. Two monks of the Order of St. Basil delivered the seed to the Emperor Justinian in 552. In order to do this, they hollowed out their walking staffs, and thus conveyed the coveted seed from the heart of Asia. About the twelfth or thirteenth century, the silk-worm arrived in France, where, thanks to Louis XI, its culture soon flourished as an important branch of industry. Since then, the culture of the silk-worm and the manufacture of its cocoon have become general, and the beneficial results which have arisen from these branches of industry are almost invaluable.

CAMLIN.

On Probabilities.

Some months ago our diurnal document posted up in the post-office was thought to be fast reducing probabilities to certainties. Assertions were made that every month fewer failures were made in conjecture; and the weather of the day before was recorded as well as the estimate for the current day, so that the curious might compare notes. But how is it now? Why has the publication of the preceding day's weather been quietly dropped? Has the present unprecedented season baffled all conjecture?

We ask not this in the spirit of malice? Far from it. We have the utmost respect for meteorology in general, and for the progress of modern science in particular. When "Old Probabilities" used to assure us that the Mississippi would rise at Vicksburg, we endeavored to gulp it down, notwithstanding that the Geography invariably states that it rises in Lake Itasca, some thousand miles or so further north, where a deer, with finely developed antlers, is perpetually drinking just at the spot where the river emerges

from the Lake. If we knew anything about geography, we thought we knew that picture. We have seen it in several different geographies, got up by persons whose interests are diametrically opposite, and we have also seen it on fire-insurance show cards. We have had abundant evidence to establish it, and yet we were willing to give up Lake Itasca, with the drinking deer and all the other picturesque surroundings, at the mere word of Old Probabilities, so that no one can accuse us of malice prepense in the question we have ventured to ask.

Moreover, we have a great respect for almanacs. That interesting individual who appears to be cooling himself in the middle of the twelve signs of the zodiac, with his bowels dreadfully out of order, has always excited our unqualified admiration mingled with the sincerest sympathy. We always consult the almanac before undertaking any affair of importance. Last Thursday week it said: "March 4th," and we accordingly endeavored to march forth, although all our faith in almanacs could not support us very far through the masses of new-fallen snow with which our unbroken path was clogged. We have an equal respect for the days of the week. We not only humbly endeavor to keep holy the Sabbath, but we render even to the working days a sort of inferior and relative honor. We always have our oysters fried when it's Friday, and never think of taking them stewed unless it's Stew'sday. In fact, time and all its measurers, the weather with all its prognosticators, have always received due consideration at our hands. But this thing cannot last unless the weatherwise do or say something to redeem their character.

The clock in the steeple strikes one as being better protected now from the winds and weather, that used to occasion it so many perplexities in its former location. Lent always makes it fast. In fact, at this season of the year the sun either rises and sets a good deal later than he should do—never showing his nose until within a few minutes of seven, and yet hesitating to retire before half past six—or else the clock keeps fast better than those that regulate their meals by its striking.

As this article is a little discursive, perhaps I cannot better conclude than by summing up the evidence in favor of having something tangible to go on respecting the weather. If we must have probabilities, let us have some probability of their being probable. Let the man that gets them up descend more to practicalities, such as; "Put on overcoats about five p. m." "Be sure and not lend your umbrella this morning." "Take off your underclothing next week." "Get a new pair of gum boots," etc. etc. This would be really useful, and much more intelligible than "Increasing pressure on the Lower Lakes," or "Slight variation in temperature," etc.

Gus.

Richard Wagner.

Prominent among the new things promised to those who attend the next Cincinnati May Musical Festival is Wagner's *Lohengrin*. This work has lately been performed in several of our large cities, and the critics are enthusiastic in its praises. It may perhaps be interesting, even to those who are not musically inclined, to know something of this, the greatest musical genius of our day; a man who has outlived the storm of abuse which is always heaped on those who, conscious of their genius, are not afraid to break

through the barriers of custom, and strike out new paths in science and art.

Richard Wagner was born May 10, 1813, in that Mecca of musicians, Leipsic. His genius first displayed itself in writing poetry; but at the age of 15 he was powerfully affected by hearing Beethoven's symphonies, and from that time music became his chief study. We will not attempt to give his early life, struggles and disappointments; it is the history of nearly all great men. Like a waif tossed on the angry billows of an unfeeling world, yet upheld by the beacon light of conscious genius—struggling against poverty, prejudice, envy, and his own proud and turbulent spirit, which led him to take a part in the revolutionary excitement of '49, and become a political exile, he finds himself to-day on the pinnacle of fame. Few great geniuses have lived to see their work crowned with the success which Wagner, now in his sixty-second year, enjoys. He is now the confidential friend of the King of Bavaria, who has already furnished him a large amount of money for the building of his opera-house in Bayreuth. This model music-hall is expected to be finished next year, and will be inaugurated with a Musical Festival such as the world has never before, seen—orchestra, chorus, everything as near perfection as possible. The *Nibelungen-ring*, four operas, to be performed on four consecutive evenings, forming however one complete work, is to be given under his own direction. We will give in some future number an extract from the *London Musical World*, which, although written in a cynical view, will show in a condensed form the aims of this modern musical giant.

He has not neglected poetry, but writes all his own librettos, having thus a great advantage over other composers. As an author and critic, he also excels. Even painting, in his youth, he made a study, until the artist with whom he lodged died. We do not claim for him, however, the merit of being "jack-of-all-trades." As to posterity, his name will be ranked with Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and the other great masters.

His music was, at first, called the production of a madman wild, incoherent, without beauty or form. Very few critics could see any thing but noise and confusion in the "Music of the Future." Twenty years have produced a wonderful change. Scarcely one is now found daring enough to condemn it. All the great composers of our day, such men as Liszt, Raff, Brahms, etc., are enthusiastic Wagnerites, and follow in the path which he opened.

Theodore Thomas, with his famous Orchestra, after educating the public taste, and preparing it to understand such elaborate compositions (which even European audiences could scarcely appreciate), has introduced Wagner's music into this country.

From personal experience we can say but little, being only enabled to take, as it were, a bird's-eye view of musical matters. By mere chance, in company with a few devotees of the art from Notre Dame, we heard the Thomas Orchestra last year. We enjoyed this pleasure through the kindness of the late lamented Father Lemonnier, who, we sincerely hope, considers the music of the Thomas Orchestra now but as the music furnished us by the Indians the other evening in comparison with the angel choirs. The first piece was the overture to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. The music of that matchless Orchestra produced such a bewildering sense of delight that we were unable to listen critically to the merits of the composition. Had we been told that all the numbers were by Beethoven, Liszt, Schu-

mann, we would not have questioned it a moment, as the perfection with which they were played threw the same charm around them all, and the audience held its breath almost for fear of losing a note.

But we are speaking of Wagner, not of Thomas—to whom however the American public are indebted for making them familiar with the much-abused *Inkunfts-musick*. There are already enough admirers of the new school to induce Thomas to give an entire concert to the compositions of Wagner. The charge that he is too much of a Wagnerite must fall to the ground when we see the list of last summer's concerts in New York city: Beethoven 21; Wagner 13; Liszt 8. If any of our readers are so fortunate as to attend the Cincinnati Festival, which, by the way, does credit to the West in particular, and to the whole country, as showing the immense progress we have made in this the noblest and best of the arts, we hope they will give us in THE SCHOLASTIC an account of their impressions of the "Music of the Future." L.

Apelles and the Shoemaker.

• "LET NOT THE SHOEMAKER GO BEYOND HIS LAST."

These were the words of a noted painter to a shoemaker, who attempted to criticise a celebrated painting. Apelles had painted a picture, which was on exhibition, and which was eliciting words of admiration from all. No one could perceive a fault; it was pronounced a masterpiece. One day a shoemaker was one of a number who were admiring the painting. As usual they pronounced it faultless. The shoemaker, after carefully examining it, said: "I see a fault, and a grave one," and pointed out the fact that one of the slippers was poorly painted. In an instant all present noticed it.

Apelles himself, being among the number, perceived at once his blunder, and praised the shoemaker for having noticed it. Crispin, elated with the praise bestowed on him, and with the knowledge of having perceived what able critics had overlooked, began at once to criticise other parts of the painting. But unluckily for him, he pronounced some parts faulty which indeed were perfect. It was then that Apelles administered to him the rebuke, "Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last." From this we may learn a lesson. While the shoemaker criticised that part with which he was acquainted, he was successful, but as soon as he ventured to criticise that which he knew nothing about, he lost the laurels he had won. So it is with us. While we do that which we are competent to perform, we achieve success; but as soon as we pretend to know that with which we are wholly unacquainted, we fail, and become objects of contempt. W. J. R.

—Charity is never lost: it may meet with ingratitude, or be of no service to those on whom it was bestowed, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

—HONESTY.—There is no man, but for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all things considered, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to be honest.

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Address: Editor of THE SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame P. O., Ind.

—Next Wednesday we celebrate the Feast of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. That the celebration of the day here at Notre Dame will be, in every way, worthy of the illustrious Saint, we have no doubt. Mass will be celebrated in the morning, at which the panegyric will be preached. On Tuesday evening the Columbians will give an Entertainment, at which the Band, the Orchestra and the Gillespie Choral Union will assist. When we state this, all may understand that St. Patrick's Day will be worthily celebrated here.

—Sometime about the year of our Lord three hundred and ninety-six, a youth scarce grown to manhood escaped from a cruel imprisonment in Ulster, in the North of Ireland. He was journeying towards the home of his boyhood, to that home where he had passed many happy years, when a vision which exercised a great influence over his whole life appeared to him. The words of the youth himself, describing this vision, are: "And then I saw in a vision during the night, a man coming from the West; his name was Victorius, and he had with him many letters; he gave me one to read, and in the beginning of it was a voice from Ireland. I thought it to be the voice of those who inhabited near a wood called Foelut, adjoining the western sea; they appeared to cry out in one voice, saying: 'Come to us, O holy youth, and walk amongst us.' With this I was feelingly touched, and could no longer read; I then awoke."

To go to them and walk amongst them was then the resolve of the holy youth, and all his studies and labors were with that end in view. And he did return to the then benighted people of that Island far away in the Atlantic Ocean, and he did walk with them. He taught them the blessed word of the Gospel, and preached to them of Christ; and he led them away from the dark paths of superstition in which they had blindly walked, to the safe and narrow road of salvation.

This happened years ago, and Patrick, the holy youth, was taken to heaven. But the cry of the faithful people of Ireland has since that time been ever the same: "Come to us, O holy youth, and walk amongst us." That cry has gone up to heaven from earth, and has been heard by the great Apostle, and he has walked with them and has preserved them from schism and heresy. It goes up to him at this day from the green valleys of Ireland and he still walks with them in spirit and keeps them strong in their devotion to Rome and the Church. And not only do the faithful people of Ireland raise this cry to Patrick in heaven. In the broad prairies of the western world, and from the

newly settled spots amid the Rocky Mountains, the pleading voices of the sons of Erin are heard calling upon him: "Come to us, O holy youth, and walk amongst us." In the jungles of Africa, in the broad savannahs of South America, amid the gold-fields of Australia, in the far-distant isles of the Pacific Ocean, in the Indies, in China, in every spot where civilized man has yet penetrated, the descendants of those who first uttered the cry, call with outstretched arms: "Come to us, O holy youth, and walk amongst us." And he will not refuse that prayer. As in former times he brought their forefathers to Rome and Christianity, so will he now preserve them from all dangers of heresy and schism, and continue them in the Holy Catholic Church.

—On our first page we print a beautiful poem on the approaching Golden Jubilee of Archbishop McHale, of Tuam. In the year 1825 Dr. McHale was consecrated Bishop of Kildare, consequently this year he completes his fiftieth year in the episcopate. Nine years afterwards, in August 1834, he was elevated to the Archbishopric of Tuam.

The Irish people would be altogether wanting in that respect and love which is due to the great Archbishop, if they do not celebrate with every mark of joy the Jubilee of John of Tuam, who has done so much for them. There has not been a measure for the good of the people of Ireland proposed during the past fifty years to which he did not lend his influence and devote his talents. During those exciting times when the Repeal Association was in full action, the work done by him was immense, and was done with a vigor and spirit that entitles him to the gratitude of every Irish heart. He it was that organized those monster meetings in the West of Ireland which gave such a strong impulse to the cause.

In 1851, when Lord John Russell had his miserable Titles Act passed, John McHale made, in Dublin, the best speech against it. Lord Russell thought to lessen the power for good of the Catholic Church in England and Ireland. He lived to see his act disregarded by such noble Prelates as John of Tuam, and to see it expunged by general consent from the statute-book. In 1853, the Archbishop was foremost to denounce the conspiracy by which the liberties of Ireland were to be trampled, and throughout his life he has worked in the same spirit for the benefit of his countrymen. He could not be awed by threats, nor softened by bribes. The interest of his Church and of his country were the objects ever of his ambition.

Yet he has devoted himself to literature, and with success. The great poems of Homer and the sweet lyrics of Moore were translated by him into the Irish language. He has ever been desirous of giving to the world a knowledge of the noble language of his forefathers, and under his protection Irish literature is now made a special study at St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, under the direction of Rev. Father Ulick J. Bourke. This year, then—the year of his Golden Jubilee—the people of Ireland will celebrate his name with every demonstration of joy, and show their deep love for so great and so good a man. He has worked and toiled for Ireland, and now in his old age Ireland will honor his silver hairs.

In America too, many of the generous sons of Ireland will celebrate his Golden Jubilee, for it was for their fathers and relatives that he worked, and the Irish-Americans are not ungrateful to those who have labored in the green Isle beyond the sea.

The writer of this article is not an Irishman, nor the son of an Irishman, but on an occasion of this kind he cannot but feel as an Irishman. All Americans, who enter the Catholic Church become Irish, if not in blood at least in spirit, and are drawn irresistibly to love and admire the great men of Ireland, and sympathize with the people of that land which has for years groaned under the subjection to tyrannical rule. Hence we enter into the spirit of the people of Ireland when they celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the "Lion of the Fold of Judah," and add our mite to the praises of the man who has so nobly earned them.

—We have been asked, by a number of young men to give our candid opinion respecting the merits of the various histories of England. We have examined, in other days, various histories, and have come to the conclusion that Lingard's History is still what it has heretofore been, the ablest history of that country which has yet been written.

Hume's History of England is, indeed, a most readable book. In pureness and elegance of style it is comparable to any work on history extant. Gibbon has declared that he always closed Hume's volumes "with a mixed sensation of delight and despair;" and the same may be said by most readers. Yet Hume's History of England is not what it should be. He was in politics a Tory, and his history was written in the interests of his party. In all facts with which religion is connected, he is inaccurate. Indeed in all his *facts* he is weak and untrustworthy. The time spent in the composition of his work, the little research he made as to the truth of the matter he relates his dislike of Christianity and religion, all go to show us his partiality. Besides, discoveries of documents have been made since the work of Hume was written, which have thrown new light upon many events related by him, and which give these events an entirely different coloring. Indeed many things related by him, have by the light of late discoveries, been shown to be wholly false.

The History of England by Lord Macauley is, in truth, a magnificent work. His periods are the most brilliant in English literature; and his volumes have the fascination of the most sensational novels. His works will always be useful to students wishing to acquire a brilliant style. But Macauley's History is not the book in which students will acquire a proper knowledge of English history. A brilliant period is what he most aims at; and for this everything else is sacrificed.

James Anthony Froude, the man so badly used up, during his late visit to the United States, by Father Burke and by Col. J. F. Meline, has written a most magnificent novel, called "A History of England." Col. Meline, in particular, showed up the pure lying of Mr. Froude concerning the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots; while his statements concerning Ireland have been shown to be downright falsehoods by the eloquent Father Burke.

Lingard's History is left to us. The facts narrated by him have stood the most severe and searching investigation, and none of them have been proven false. He it was that first gave to Englishmen a truthful account of the character of Queen Elizabeth; and have shown to the world that there was another side from which to judge of the facts of history. Though his statements have been subjected to earnest discussion, the fame of the author has never been tarnished by falsehood. His honesty has been acknowledged even by those differing from him in politics

and religion. In addition to the truth which characterizes his history, the literary merits of his work have ever received commendation. All his critics have given him unstinted praise for beauty of style.

For the reason, then, that in his History of England may be found a truthful account of the affairs of England, joined to beauty and purity of style, we recommend Lingard to the earnest attention of our students.

Art Notes.

—The Sanctuary Lamp at Notre Dame is the finest in the world.

—The members of the Drawing Classes are making great progress.

—Healy, the artist, was recently made a Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, by the Pope.

—Signor Gregori will exhibit his portrait of Pio Nono in Chicago in a few days. The art critics will then have an opportunity of judging of the relative merits of this portrait and that of Healy.

—Conrads, the sculptor of the Antietam statue, is modelling for Mr. Batterson, owner of the Westerly, R. I., granite quarries, a group of five figures representing the "Landing of the Pilgrims," to be cut in granite bass-relief.

—When the pictures representing the Way of the Cross are finished, Notre Dame will boast of the finest in the United States. We described the first Station some time ago. Prof. Gregori is working on the others, but they will not be finished in less than a year from the present time.

—Titian's "Danaë" is now exhibiting in the Hotel de Ville at Angers. The sums received at the doors are to be devoted to the benefit of the poor of the town. The picture has been purchased from Prince Buoncompagni, of Bologna, by the Emperor of Russia, for 630,000 francs.

—The money from the sale of the great pictures contributed by French artists for the benefit of their brothers in Chicago, after the fire, still remains in the hands of the committee. It amounts to about \$30,000, according to a communication from an American artist to the New York Times. "The artist suffers either do not need it or do not care to profit by it now," and the committee are left in perplexity as to the final disposition of the fund. One suggestion is that a prominent French sculptor should be commissioned to execute for Chicago a bronze statue of Lafayette.

Musical Notes.

—The Band has a number of new airs in rehearsal.

—The Vocal Class is much larger this session than last.

—We saw a copy of the *Orpheus*, which is not on our list of exchanges, in the music room, and find it an excellent musical paper.

—The *Vox Humana* is not down on our list of exchanges, but we came across a copy of it in the music room. We were greatly pleased with it, and have the authority of our musicians that it is an entertaining Journal.

—F. W. Helmick, No. 278 W. 6th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, sends us a pretty little song entitled "Remember Deeds of Kindness." It is in the Key of C; the music is easy and pretty, and we have no doubt but that it will become a popular song.

—*Dwight's Journal of Music*, now in its thirty-fourth year, has been taken for many years at Notre Dame, and our musicians tell us that each number is anxiously waited for by them, and when received is read with pleasure. It is, indeed, an excellent musical journal.

—The organ voluntary played at the Offertory last Sunday was well calculated to become immensely popular with the younger portion of the hearers. It might be interesting to know from which of the great masters it was derived; perhaps Bach, Rink, Witt or Oberhoffer.

—The Orchestra must have caught the spirit of the "Music of the Future," as we hear they are rehearsing a *Pot-Pourri* from *Tannhäuser*. Their young admirers would, perhaps, rather prefer the Music of the Past, when even Suppé is considered hard to understand or appreciate.

—In addition to the names of music pupils already mentioned as showing a love for the better style of music, we must give that of R. Guilloz. He labors with energy and perseverance to acquire a good method and correct taste, and we expect to see him become one of our finest violinists.

—At the Cincinnati May Musical Festival, selections will be performed from the following works: "Triumphal Hymn," Brahms; "Symphony, Op. 92, in A," Beethoven; "Prometheus," Liszt; "Elijah," Mendelssohn; "Magnificat in D," Bach; "Ninth Symphony, Op. 125," Beethoven; "Symphony in C," Schubert; "Lohengrin," Wagner; and others.

Brainard's Musical World, for February, 1875, has been received. It has entered upon its twelfth year greatly enlarged and improved. The articles in this number are "Ludwig von Beethoven," "Opening of the New Opera House," "The Little Music King," "The Carnivals," "Little Rosa once more," "Interludes," and other entertaining essays and musical chit-chat. The music in the number is very good. The *World* is one of the best musical journals published.

—The Annual Convention of the American Cecilian Societies will be held in Dayton, in August. The object of the meeting is the reformation of Catholic church music. This convention has the approbation of a large number of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States. The *Cecilia*, organ of the National Association, is published in that city, by J. Fischer & Bro. During the session of the convention several sacred concerts will be given in Emmanuel Church, under the direction of Professor John Singenberger.

—*Church's Musical Visitor* for March is a model number. Among its literary contributors are W. S. B. Mathews, John Howard, D. C. Addison, and other prominent musical writers. There are *thirteen pages* of music of superior excellence in this number, embracing a song, "Eily Mavourneen," by Jules Benedict; the "Highland Girl Mazurka," and "In Earnest Waltz." One special feature this month is a full page illustration of the "Highland Girl," a very pretty picture, which adds greatly to the attractiveness of the journal. Editorial articles upon various topics, the usual departments of Reviews, Correspondence, Personal Notes, etc., complete a most admirable musical magazine. For a specimen copy of the *Visitor*, address, with stamp, John Church & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. See also the advertisement in another column, where the terms of this excellent journal may be found.

Literature.

—An edition of the prose works of Wordsworth will soon be printed.

—The March number of the *Young Catholic* is very interesting.

—A new quarterly, devoted to psychological matter, and called *Mind*, is announced in England.

—A complete edition of the poetical works of Sidney Dobell will be printed in London, towards the end of this month.

—Washburn, of London, has in press the "Life of St. John of God," being the fourth installment of the "Oratorian Lives of the Saints," Second Series.

—*La Peur du Pape* is the title of a pamphlet recently issued by Mgr. Gaume of Paris. Mgr. Gaume confutes in a very amusing manner the absurd theories of those persons who, under the mask of Christianity, are the friends of the socialists, and who absurdly pretend to believe that the Papacy is the enemy of progress. Their number is doubtless great, and they are even more dangerous than the openly avowed enemies of the Church. Their blows are more covert, and therefore the more dangerous.

—We have not time to look over many college exchanges, and for that reason we have not been exchanging with most of the college journals. The college papers with which we exchange are *The College Message*, *The Owl*, *The Salesianum*, *The Spectator*, *The Georgetown College Journal* and *The Niagara Index*. We have spoken already of their relative merit, and as we "run" our paper to please ourselves, and suppose that the editors of these papers do the same, it is useless for us to make mention of them every week. We wish each and all of them every success, for they are very interesting papers.

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTIONS on the Jubilee, and Prayers Recommended to be said in the Station Churches. Baltimore; Kelly Piet & Co., No. 174 West Baltimore street.

This handy little work contains the Encyclical Letter of his Holiness the Pope, the Pastoral Letter of Archbishop Bayley, a number of prayers and catechetical instructions on the Jubilee, and the method of gaining the indulgences. Besides the good which may be derived from it during this holy year, the little volume will be found very useful to all who are desirous of knowing the real nature of the Jubilee, its origin and history, the nature of indulgences etc. We can recommend the book to all our readers. The price is not given us by the publishers, but it cannot be more than twenty-five cents.

The Lower Orders of Vegetation.

The superficial observer, viewing the beauties of nature with which he is surrounded, if attracted at all, it will only be by those objects that cannot possibly escape the attention of the most unobserving. We are all attracted by the beauty, odor, and color of the rosebud, unfolding its tinted leaves, moistened with the dew of heaven, a fountain of refreshment for the bee as well as a source of gratification for the sense of man. We see something grand and sublime in the giant tree towering on high, spreading its vast limbs over the small herbs and plants of the earth below, inviting us to its cool shade when the rays of the sun become almost intolerable. Our minds become so absorbed in contemplating these grand spectacles of nature that we overlook a vast field of her domain, which presents to the scrutinizing eye of the botanist an extensive garden decked with plants of a peculiar kind, not in the least inviting to the mere observer, but full of interest to those who see the wisdom of the great Creator portrayed in the most insignificant part of creation as well as in the noblest design. Look around you. Life is everywhere; every pore is bursting with it; every death is only a new birth; every grave a cradle. Vegetation is ceaseless; it takes place in every object around us, the barks of the forest's monarch delights in its green, mossy trimmings; the impending cliffs of the massive mountains have their covering; the roof of the rustic home is a garden in the air; in fine, "the earth—dust of the universe inspired by the breath of the great God:"—the earth is brimming with life; every leaf on every tree is a land of spirits. In the minutest particle of water, the animal world counts its thousands; the same is equally true in the world of plants. From pole to pole; from the vast depths of the ocean to the highest clouds: floating on the surface of our stagnant pools; in the innermost portions of the earth where the air can penetrate, they present themselves to us in multifarious forms. Those plants popularly known as mosses, lichens, fungi and algae, are distinguished from the other forms of the vegetable kingdom by being propagated by spores not visible to the naked eye, and unlike true seeds in germinating from any part of their surface. These plants constitute a grand world of

their own; here nature is found as she really is—simple, *unassuming*; here her lover, wearied out in beholding her gaudy display, recreates his mind and at the same time stores it with useful knowledge, in examining “the silent and wonderful economy of that other world of minute or invisible vegetation, with which we are so mysteriously related, though we know it not.” This seemingly insignificant race of the vegetable world was once the aristocracy of the botanical empire; but its glory has faded away before the kingly grandeur of nature’s vast monuments.

The *cryptogamia* threw the first green mantle over the face of the earth coming from her watery grave, and the geologist tells us that one whole volume of her stony crust is filled with their history. How evident are the designs of the Most High! Everything in time, and a time for everything; the smallest act, as well as the greatest, tends to the accomplishment of man’s happiness. The immense forests formed by these plants during the carboniferous age of Geology have been reduced to a bituminous condition in the secret laboratory of Nature, amid the upliftings and depressions of the earth’s crust, and they are now sunk into the depths of the earth by the ponderous rock-press above them, and constitute the chief source of our domestic comfort and of nearly all our commercial greatness.

Our minds are baffled in attempting to form the remotest idea of the vast amount of vegetable matter, the seasons of successive growth and the immeasurable ages which circled away during the formation of the smallest stratum of our coal-fields. Their dominion is unlimited: they have individual representatives in every part of the world: their construction is such as to adapt them to every possible situation; they form the sole embellishments of the bold Alpine peaks and the extensive moorland; nor do such then is the boundless space through which these organisms are distributed; a prominence which is surely they forget to carpet the watery home of the finny tribes—sufficient to redeem them from the charge of insignificance.

But, we are asked, what is the use of these microscopic plants? It is, unhappily, the spirit of the age to seek everything and anything that will in the least promote the profit, convenience, or comfort of everyday life—everything else is ignored. Pleasure is at the apex. Go on; scale the giddy height, says the age. Alas, that man should thus reason!

The useful things of life, we admit, should not be undervalued: they are the first requisites, but they are by no means the most necessary things. Let it be remembered that when man lives not by bread and the conveniences of external life alone, he forgets his claim to that higher sphere of life by which he is distinguished from the brute creation. Nature is utilitarian; she does not recognize a materialistic exclusiveness—“uses and beauties are intermingled”; we are surrounded by all that is useful—and more too. If the man who seeks enjoyment was to expel from his prejudiced mind the false idea of usefulness, and examine for a moment the profusion of minute objects spread around him, which apparently have no influence upon his physical nature, and have no connection with his corporeal necessities, he would, I am sure, be convinced that “there is something exceedingly interesting in tracing Nature to her ultimate and simple forms,” and would exclaim, with Linnæus:—“Nature appears greatest to me in her least productions.” It is by the study of these plants that we are brought face to face with perfection; here we examine objects upon which are marked the image of their Creator; we are struck with awe at their beauty and symmetry; the last visible organism vanishing from our view with the same divine glory upon it, as the last star that glimmers out of space.

RICHBUCK.

Local Items.

- Mump’s the word.
- Who hid the bell?
- The days are getting longer.
- Our friend John has the “mumps.”
- A bandage around the head is the style.

- Next Wednesday will be St. Patrick’s Day.
- The mules made good time on Tuesday last.
- Now and then we hear of an Indian war-dance.
- We expect to see many persons fishing on days of rec.
- Good sleighriding—the roads good, and the weather mild.

—A very large number of Juniors attend the Class of Calisthenics.

—Three teams took the St. Cecilians to the Farm on Tuesday last.

—A miser will be smoked out on the night before St. Patrick’s day.

—“The White Horse of the Peppers” will prance next Tuesday evening.

—Prof. Lyons possesses a grand tableau of the St. Cecilians of other days.

—The cold weather not only freezes out chickens but even the fish are benumbed by it.

—Another lot of books was purchased for the Lemonnier Circulating Library on Wednesday last.

—There was some very good singing done by the St. Cecilians while out sleighing on Tuesday last.

—The Exhibition will take place next Tuesday evening; we hope the Columbians will distinguish themselves.

—A number of friends call at our “den.” We were pleased to see Rev. Father O’Mahoney on Monday last.

—We understand that the Band will play in front of the College and at other places on Wednesday morning next.

—Bro. Simon’s nag travelled to the depot in South Bend and back to the College in just a half an hour. Very good time.

—Every day, nearly, there are crowds of persons taking advantage of the good sleighing and visiting Notre Dame. Our worthy Janitor acts as *cicerone* to them.

—The Columbians will play “The White Horse of the Peppers” and “The Smoked Miser.” They began practising on Monday last, under the able supervision of Prof. T. F. O’Mahony.

—We have received a poem entitled “A Lonely Death.” The writer did not send us his name, hence we cannot publish it. All persons wishing to have articles printed must give us their names.

—Some of the Minims are very good singers. Quite an interesting glee club could be formed among them, were some person to take hold of it and push things a little. More of them would do well to attend the Vocal Class.

—The Editor of this paper, in one half hour, on Tuesday last, caught some fourteen or fifteen fine rock bass, about ten inches long. The fish were caught without line or net; all he had to do was to put his hands in the water and catch them. A companion caught at the same time some eighteen or twenty.

—This year, St. Patrick’s Day will be celebrated, for two reasons. The first is because of its being the Feast of the Apostle of Ireland, and the second because it is the fast-day of the worthy President of the University, Rev. Patrick J. Colovin. We hope the Exhibition will be in every way worthy of the day celebrated.

—A correspondent at Springfield, Ill., writes as follows: “In looking over your pages, I see nothing about St. Patrick’s Day. I desire that you folk at Notre Dame sound the praises of my national Saint so as to be heard in both Gath and Ascalon. With my best wishes to the Editor, I remain—ONE OF THE O’S.” We hope that this number of the SCHOLASTIC will show our friend and correspondent that his patron Saint is not forgotten at Notre Dame, but that all honor is shown to him.

—The members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, with a few invited friends, took a jaunt to the St. Joe Farm on Tuesday afternoon last. It is needless to say that they had a jolly time, for it would be impossible to get the St. Cecilians together, even at the College, without having fun. The good Sisters at the Farm set an excellent table, which, as a matter of course, was left nearly bare by

those who seated themselves at it. Bro. Matthew and the other Brothers living at the farm did all in their power to make the boys enjoy themselves; and the boys, recognizing the endeavors of the Brothers in that regard, did enjoy themselves. Rev. Father Ford, with that rare tact which distinguishes some men, entered into the enjoyment with great relish. Before leaving, cheers were given for Father Ford, Brother Matthew, and others. On the way home the time passed merrily with songs and jokes. At nine o'clock the sleighs arrived at the College; three cheers were given for Prof. Lyons, and then all retired to bed, after a good afternoon's enjoyment.

—The following is the programme of the Exhibition to be given on Tuesday evening, March 16:

PART FIRST.

"La Garda di Mulligani".....N. D. U. C. Band
Overture—"Zampa"—(Hérolde).....Orchestra
Address to Rev. Father Colovin from the Columbians
.....N. J. Mooney
Song and Chorus—"The Harp that once
through Tara's Halls".....Gillespie Choral Union
Address from the Seniors.....T. J. Murphy
Song—"Killarney"—(Balfe).....T. M. O'Leary
Address from the Juniors.....D. J. O'Connell
Song and Chorus—"The Last Rose of Summer"
.....Gillespie Choral Union
Address from the Minims.....Eddie Raymond
Irish Melody.....N. D. U. C. Band

PART SECOND.

THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS.

A Comic Drama in Two Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Gerald Pepper.....N. J. Mooney
Colonel Chesham.....J. Soule
Hans Mansfeldt.....H. H. Hunt
Maurice Pepper.....G. McNulty
Darley Donaghue.....T. Cochrane
Arthur.....J. Campbell
Portreeve.....E. L. Ratigan
Phelim.....G. Crummey
Dillon.....T. Logan
Burgesses.....T. Culliton and J. Lyons
Rafferty.....S. Marks

Villagers, Servants, etc.

Music—*Pot-Pourri*—(Suppé).....Orchestra
Incidental Remarks by Jeremiah O'Flaherty, Professor of Comparative Conchology in the University of Skibbereen.

Concluding with the Farce Entitled

THE SMOKED MISER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Old Screw (The Miser).....G. Crummey
Old Nail (His Friend).....N. J. Mooney
Captain Dering.....T. Logan
Goliath Spiderlimb (The Miser's Man).....T. Culliton
Giles Sowthistle (a Farmer).....J. Lyons
Theodore Buttons (a Page).....S. Marks
Music—Quickstep.....N. D. U. C. Band

Personal.

—J. A. Taylor, of '58, is in Chicago, Ill.

—Rev. John Ford honored us a with call on the 11th.

—George F. B. Collins, of '59, is practising law in Waukegan, Ill.

—Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of Laporte, was at Notre Dame last Monday.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney is to be the preacher on St. Patrick's Day, in Monroe, Mich.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin, C. S. C., Sup. Gen., will leave for the South in a few days.

—Rev. Father Flanagan, of South Chicago, was at Notre Dame on Monday and Tuesday last. He is always welcome.

—John J. Fitzgibbon, of '60, responded to one of the toasts at the supper given in Chicago, a few days ago, by the Irish Literary Society.

—Dr. Gilmartin of Detroit, who was Professor of Chemistry at Notre Dame some nine years ago, passed a few hours here on Wednesday.

—Messrs. Wright, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Klein, of Elkhart, Ind., Superintendents of the W. U. Telegraph Co., were at Notre Dame on Thursday last.

—Rev. P. W. Condon has been appointed Vice-President and Assistant Superior at Watertown, Wis. We congratulate all connected with the College there on his appointment.

—Rev. Father Colovin is to preach the panegyric of St. Patrick in South Bend. We were mistaken, last week when we announced that he was to preach at the College. We have not been informed who is to be the preacher here.

—James J. Wilson, of Trenton, N. J., a former student at Notre Dame, was one of the delegates from his city to the National Union of Young Men's Catholic and Literary Associations of the United States, held at Newark, N. J., February 22nd and 23rd.

—Of the A. B.'s of '67, one, A. E. Tammany, is dead. The remainder—J. A. O'Connell, A. Messman, M. Connolly and J. Bleckman—are priests. Of the B. S.'s of that year one is a lawyer (P. Dechant) and one is in the real-estate business (Joseph McKernan).

Obituary.

—R. P. Miles Burns, who was here two years in the Commercial Course, died on the 23th of February, 1875, in Nashville, Tenn. Miles was here in the years 1863-4 and 1864-5, and by his numberless good, sterling qualities made many friends. Always pleasant and agreeable, he was a general favorite among the students, while by his excellent conduct and application to study he enjoyed the respect and affection of all the officers of the house. We sympathize with the afflicted parents in their bereavement, as will all the old students of '63, '64, and '65 when they learn of his death. May he rest in peace.

—Mrs. Mary Lyons, the mother of Prof. J. A. Lyons, was buried at Notre Dame on Friday morning, March 12th. Mrs. Lyons was in her ninetieth year and has been a warm friend of Notre Dame for the past thirty years. She was in every respect a most exemplary woman and a good Christian. Some years ago, a neighbor began relating a slander of a citizen. There was nothing which Mrs. Lyons disliked so much as uncharitableness; and, opening the door, she requested the neighbor to leave, saying: "No person talking uncharitably of others shall ever remain in my house." She has gone to her reward leaving a good name behind her, and her son, the Professor, has the sincere sympathy of his many friends. May she rest in peace.

Society Notes.

—The 49th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club was held February 28th. At this meeting Messrs. Soule, Cochrane and Ratigan read essays, and Messrs. Lyons, McNulty, Soule, Meyer and Campbell delivered declamations.

—The 50th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club was held March 6th, at which meeting Messrs. O'Connell and Monahan were admitted as members by a unanimous vote. The members are busily engaged in preparing their parts in the coming Exhibition on the 17th inst. The Society lost one of its most valuable members in Mr. W. S. Meyer, who left for home last Monday.

—The 23rd regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held March 6th. Declamations were delivered by H. Quan, C. Whipple, J. Roelle, J. Delvecchio, J. French, L. Pilliod and J. Crummey. Nathan Dryfoos, George Lonstorf and F. Kleiner were admitted to membership. After this, a lively discussion as to whether tobacco is injurious to health took place. It was decided after long argument in the affirmative.

—The 27th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held March 6th, 1875. At this meeting, selections from the first number of the "Standard," Vol. V, were read. The following are the principal selec-

tions: "Reading" and "Health," by "Mack"; "Friendship" and "A Trip to New Orleans," by "Chay"; "A Boy's Troubles" and "A Trip to the St. Joe," by "Dion"; "Good Companions" and "Locals," by "Bobby"; "Field Sports," by "Jun". Masters O'Hara, Schmidt and Arnold delivered declamations, and Master McIntyre read an essay. Master J. W. Connolly presented himself for membership, and after fulfilling the necessary conditions was unanimously elected.

—The fourth regular meeting, of the second session of the St. Aloysius Philodemic Association was held last Tuesday evening, Prof. Dailey presiding. The Debate of the evening, "Resolved, That the Discovery of America has been a Greater Benefit to Mankind than the Invention of Printing," was one of the most interesting of the Session. The disputants were: on the Affirmative, Messrs. Foley and Ney; Negative, Messrs. Skahill and Gillen. There were good arguments brought forward on both sides. One defect, which probably grew out of the nature of the question, was very apparent—that of drawing too general a conclusion from particular facts. Owing to the lateness of the hour, the President withheld his decision until the next meeting. Mr. Keeler delivered a declamation, and Mr. Caren read a well-written criticism on the last debate. On motion the meeting then adjourned.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

V. Baca, F. Brady, J. Berringer, J. Brown, F. Bearss, R. Barrett, L. Busch, T. Cochrane, G. Crumme, H. Cassidy, J. Cullen, T. Carroll, M. Clarke, W. Canavan, R. Doherty, J. Devine, P. Egan, B. Enans, J. Ewing, M. Foley, C. Favey, J. Flaherty, P. Guilloz, E. Graves, T. Grier, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, G. Hoyt, C. Hess, A. Hess, H. Hunt, J. Handley, T. Hansard, F. Hebard, W. Hughes, J. Kennedy, S. Kennedy, J. Kopf, M. Keeler, J. Larkin, G. Kelly, P. Lawrence, J. Logsdon, G. McNulty, E. McPharlin, R. Maas, E. Maas, W. McGavin, T. Murphy, N. Mooney, J. Mathews, E. Monahan, E. McLaughlin, Peter Mattimore, Patrick Mattimore, L. Moran, A. Mohan, M. McCormack, J. Ney, A. O'Brien, T. O'Leary, C. Otto, F. O'Brien, J. Obert, C. Proctor, T. Pugh, J. Retz, C. Robertson, W. Ryan, E. Ratigan, J. Rudge, M. Regan, P. Skahill, F. Schlink, P. Shaul, W. Stout, J. Soule, J. Thornton, J. Verment, C. Walters, F. Wilhelm, R. White, J. Whalen, C. Welty.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Buecker, A. Betcher, W. Byrne, G. Budd, A. Burger, J. W. Connolly, E. Courtney, J. Colton, J. Dore, J. Delvecchio, R. Downey, F. Ewing, L. Evers, F. D. Foxen, J. French, F. Frazee, J. T. Foley, G. J. Gross, J. Griffith, J. Golsen, E. Gramling, E. D. Gleason, C. Hake, C. Jewell, J. P. Kurtz, M. Katzauer, H. Korty, C. V. Larkin, A. Leitelt, J. Leitelt, C. E. Leonhardt, G. J. Lonstorf, R. McGrath, J. McHugh, H. McGuire, J. Minton, M. J. Murphy, J. Nelson, C. Ottoway, C. Peltier, C. R. Post, W. J. Roelle, F. Raymond, L. Smith, J. A. Smith, E. Sugg, T. J. Solon, Paul Schnurrer, H. Sickel, H. Weber, C. J. Whipple, J. R. Willis, R. J. Walker, J. E. Wood, G. Woodward, F. Rosa, W. Fawcett, T. Quinn, E. Stark, J. D. O'Hara, O. E. Myers, T. Monahan.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Francis Carlin, Ralph Golsen, Michael McAuliffe, Francis McGrath, Walter Cunningham, Edward Raymond, Joseph Carer, Thomas Hooley, Albert Bushey, Francis Campan, William Campbell, Louis Goldsmith, William Cash, Sylvester Bushey, Harry Ordway, Harley McDonald, William Lindsey.

Class Honors.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, MARCH 11.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

SENIOR CLASS—G. Hoyt, W. Canavan, F. Kellar, S. Kennedy, J. Campbell, R. White, P. Mattimore, E. Maas, W. Fullerton, Peter Mattimore, F. Hebard, W. Armstrong, M. Clarke, J. Verment, A. Wisner, M. Regan.

JUNIOR CLASS—J. Nelson, J. Delvecchio, R. Walker, P. Fitzpatrick, D. Nelson, W. Nichols, A. Bergck, E. Gleason, J. French, J. Willis, M. Katzauer, F. Rosa, J. Hayes, A. Rinke, C. Post, E. Riopelle, G. Sugg, P. Schnurrer, J. Kurtz, A. Betcher, W. Stichtenoth, C. Leonhardt, J. Foley, P. McBride, G. Nestor, J. Smith, E. Stichtenoth, Phil. Kelly, E. Washburn, F. Kleiner, H. Weber, N. Vanamee, R. McGrath, J. M. Crumme, T. Summers, G. Woodward, E. Sugg, H. Sickel, A. Leitelt,

J. Leitelt, F. Rollin, E. Gramling, H. Harvey, H. Newman, J. Colton, W. Kreigh, J. Haffey, F. Smith, T. Quinn, J. D. O'Hara, Wm. Morris.

MINIM DEPT.—Colly Clarke, Francis Carlin, Ralph Golsen, Clement Moody, Edward Raymond, Sammie Goldsberry, Colly Campan, John G. Duffield, Lee J. Frazee, William Beall, Walter Cunningham, Michael McAuliffe.

List of Excellence.

[The Students mentioned in this list are those who have been at the head of the Classes named during five consecutive weeks, and whose conduct has been at least satisfactory.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

1ST GERMAN—A. Leitelt. 4TH GERMAN—M. Egan. 5TH GERMAN—R. McGrath. RHETORIC—Geo. J. Gross.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

—The meetings of the various Literary Societies prove more than usually interesting of late. The members of St. Eusebia's Literary Society on Wednesday last considered the lives of Eleanor of Castile and Margaret of France, consorts of Edward I, of England. Fluent and lucid narrations from these biographies were given by the Misses Marion Faxon, Ada Byrnes, Kate Spenser, and Lulu Henrotin.

—In St. Angela's Literary Society, the members are now engaged in tracing the royal dynasties of England from the Norman Conquest to the present time, and in the study of important events connected with this period of history. Prompt and intelligent replies to interrogatories were given by several, but the Misses Hope Russell, Georgie Wells, and Minnie McKay, distinguished themselves.

—On Sunday last, it being *Lature* Sunday, the usual award of the Golden Rose, to the most exemplary, scholar was made. A rose was given in each department, and those who had never lost their points for one year, who had always earned a place on the Table of Honor, and who had never been absent from the Academy during classes, were the competitors. In the Senior Department the following young ladies drew for the Rose: the Misses Margaret Walker, Julia Kearney, Loreto Ritchie, Anna Clarke, Helen Foote, Jennie Bennett, and Sophie Harris. The rose fell to Miss Julia Kearney, who modestly received it from the hand of the Very Rev. Father General, amid the applause of her companions. In the Junior Department those who drew were Ellen Lappin and Abbie Goewey. The rose was won by the last named. Of the Minims, Carrie Hughes and Nettie Mann were entitled to draw. Nettie Mann bore off the prize. A much larger number in the institution would have been on the list had they been in the house for a sufficient length of time. As it is, the honors of June are before them, and all are encouraged to look forward to the happy reward of their efforts to improve in manners, mind and heart.

—The sleigh-ride so unexpectedly given the pupils was highly appreciated. Fifteen sleighs, of various styles, were freighted with merry girls and sent at full speed over the beautiful snow. The rosy cheeks and merry laughter of the party as they returned was proof positive that sleigh-rides are enjoyable affairs.

ART NOTES.

The altars for *Lature* Sunday were very beautifully adorned with natural flowers. Without any excess as to the number of vases, nor any predominance of strong colors, they were still brilliant. The careful distribution of tints, so as to bring the white flowers where the light would naturally fall, with delicate gradations not lacking in contrasts, was exceedingly pretty. Many of the flowers were very choice, and the green-house produced some very beautiful rosebuds for this one joyful Sunday in Lent. St. Joseph's altar loses none of its freshness with the lapse of time. Natural flowers alone pay their tribute of love to this Patriarch of Nazareth and of the Holy Family.

—A very lovely design in water-colors, entitled *Miriam*, has been finished the past week. There is a gleam of

gold and purple in the curtain that forms part of the background, which reminds one that Mary was of the race and lineage of David, and of Judah. There is the gleam of one of the lakes of the hill-country, in the distance; and a flock of lambs recalling the pastoral life led by so many of the ancient patriarchs.

Miriam, herself, is a child; a girl; with all the gentleness and delicacy of the Hebrew maiden, steeped in the hopes and the traditions of the chosen people. Its youthfulness is its *charm*, for how seldom do we see anyone *really young* in a picture? We remember seeing a few; but even the virgins of the masters are often touched by the weight of years. Perhaps the one thing original in this Miriam (if anything can be original nowadays,) is the glory which comes from heaven and actually forms the halo around the youthful head.

MUSICAL NOTES.

—Thursday afternoon was spent very pleasantly in listening to the real foundation of musical education. Miss Kirchner played three exercises from "Bertiné's Studies" correctly; Miss Morgan shows marked improvement; Miss G. Wells played five-finger and scale exercises with *aplomb* and rapidity, for the short time she has given to this speciality. Miss Stimson selected one from the third book of Velocity; her extreme diffidence prevents her from doing full justice to herself; Miss Koch is beginning to prove that *careful reading* is just the thing to make a good player. She must keep persevering, and we hope the next examination will show great improvement; Miss Dennehey played major and minor scales—and one exercise on contraction, alternating loud and soft runs, with good effect; Miss St. Clair gave all an agreeable surprise—her progress is now certain if she conquers that *terrible timidity*; Miss M. Hutchinson rendered her selections from the first book of Carny's Velocity, smoothly—her teacher must have been gratified; Miss Craven played scales with a clear, crisp touch—yet even; throughout. Miss Henrotin executed arpeggios for both hands; from first to last, each note sounded firm; her position is excellent, equality and lightness combined, made her exercise *striking*. Miss Tinsley played from the Studies on Velocity very well and not being present at the semi-annual examination, she closed the entertainment by rendering "Rigoletto" the piece was a *résumé* of all the previous exercises and gave evidence of improvement. We feel she must have rejoiced her companions, for each young lady has a just pride for her own class, and feels the failure or success an individual matter. We anticipate a pleasant hour with the Fourth Class—do not fail to be in time.

PROGRAMME

Of a very choice Entertainment, for their own amusement, given by the Juniors at St. Mary's Academy: Entrance March, by Misses M. Ewing and L. Hutchison.

Duet, by M. Cravens and M. Redfield, accompanied by N. McGrath.

Indian Dance, by L. Kirchner and L. Hutchinson.

A Laughing Chorus, by M. Cravens, B. Wilson, M. Redfield, A. Goewey and H. Kraus.

Fisher's Hornpipe (a dance), by B. Wilson and A. Koch.

Grand Opera, by L. Kirchner.

Tableau—Taking a Vocal Lesson.

A Crying Chorus, by E. Lappin, L. Hutchinson, M. Ewing, K. Hudson and M. Hoffman.

La Fille du Regiment, by E. Lappin, M. Cravens and L. Hutchinson.

Country Cousin (A Drama), Mrs. Morton—Miss L. Kirchner; Nellie—(daughter of Mrs. Morton's), A. Koch; Jennie—(Country Cousin,) H. Peak.

Duet, by L. Hutchinson and M. Redfield.

Going to Boarding School (A Drama), Mrs. Johnson—L. Kirchner; Mrs. White—(Mrs. Johnson's daughter), M. Cravens; May—(Mrs. White's daughter), H. Peak; Susan—(Servant girl), N. McGrath. Mother Matilda—(Superioress of the school), M. Redfield. Boarders, N. McGrath, H. Kraus, A. Koch, A. Goewey, etc.

Retiring March, "The Bell."

The above is the programme of an impromptu entertainment that was decidedly rich, racy and original. The music was of a highly finished style, for both the vocal and instrumental pieces were invariably finished on the highest attainable note. The musical Juniors named in the above programme immortalized themselves by executing

several operatic favorites; of course we do not mean that said favorites were murdered—only executed.

The rendition of the Drama of "Country Cousins" proved that the Juniors are real mellow-dramatists, *i. e.*, ripe for fun. The acting in "Going to Boarding School" was more than natural, for even Dame Nature might have gained some new ideas on the subject. The indulgent grandma, the persistent mother, and the fickle little pupil, were models. This drama was certainly composed by a Classical Junior, hence the whole affair was Classical.

The dancing was original and aboriginal. Poetry of motion was exquisitely illustrated; the sweet vocalization with which the aboriginal dance was accompanied was suggestive of Miss Minie-ha-ha's dulcet laugh, or to unimaginative minds, the tones of a juvenile of Porcine pedigree. The outbursts of applause and laughter which accompanied the performance must have satisfied the performers, that the whole affair was a "*Perfect Success*."

TABLET OF HONOR.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 7.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct Deportment and strict observance of academic rules, the following young ladies are enrolled:

Misses M. Walker, A. Curtin, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, E. Haggerty, A. Lloyd, J. Locke, J. Kearney, R. Green, A. Smith, G. Walton, A. Clarke, J. Fanning, H. Foote, M. Riley, E. Dennehy, K. Joyce, L. Arnold, A. St. Clair, M. Dailey, A. Walsh, L. Ritchie, L. Wyman, J. McGuire, E. York, A. Dilger, F. Dilger, J. Bennett, M. Faxon, E. Dougherty, J. Nunning, L. Tinsley, B. Wade, M. Julius, M. Dunbar, L. Johnson, M. Brady, S. Harris, C. Woodward, M. Walsh, K. Hutchinson, R. Neteler, K. Morris, P. Gaynor, R. Canoll, L. Henrotin, E. Quiluan, J. Kreigh, M. Roberts, B. Spencer, K. Spencer, M. Bryson, K. Greenleaf, S. Hole, M. Carlin, M. Shiel, K. Casey, T. Gaynor, M. O'Mahony, E. O'Connor, M. and E. Thompson, H. Russell, S. Moran, M. Hutchinson, S. and I. Edes, M. McFarlane, D. Cavenor, J. Riopelle, E. Botsford, L. Gustine, G. and F. Wells, L. Johnson, D. Allen, A. Smith, E. Colwell, C. Maigrey, L. Bosch, G. Hills, L. Schwass, M. Railton, S. Swalley.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Wilson, M. Cravens, M. Prichard, M. Ewing, E. Lange, M. Schultheis, A. Cullen, B. Siler, M. Reynolds, J. Brown, L. Kirchner, C. Yates, A. Goewey, M. Hogan, L. Hutchinson, L. Walsh, M. Hoffman, A. Koch, E. Lappin, C. Orr, M. Derby, K. Hudson, M. Bell.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses R. Goldsberry, A. Ewing, N. Mann, M. and C. Hughes, E. Simpson, I. Mann, Y. Mier.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses M. Walker, A. Curtin, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, E. Haggerty, A. Lloyd, J. Locke, J. Kearney, R. Green, A. Smith.

1ST SR. CLASS—Misses G. Walton, A. Clarke, J. Fanning, H. Foote, M. Riley, E. Dennehy, K. Joyce, L. Arnold, J. Stimson, A. St. Clair.

2ND SR. CLASS—Misses A. Walsh, L. Ritchie, J. McGuire, E. York, A. Dilger, F. Dilger, J. Bennett, M. Faxon, L. Tinsley, E. Dougherty, J. Nunning, M. Julius, M. Dunbar, L. Johnson, M. Brady.

3RD SR. CLASS—Misses S. Harris, C. Woodward, M. Walsh, K. Hutchinson, M. Quill, R. Neteler, K. Morris, P. Gaynor, R. Canoll, L. Henrotin, M. Cravens, J. Kreigh, R. Klar, A. Byrnes, B. Spencer, K. Spencer, M. Bryson, B. Wilson, R. Greenleaf, E. Mann, M. Poquette, S. Hole, M. Shiel, M. O'Connor, T. Gaynor, M. O'Mahony.

1ST PREP. CLASS—Misses E. Thompson, C. Morgan, H. Russell, S. Moran, M. Schultheis, M. Hutchinson, H. Parks, S. Edes, I. Edes, M. McKay, N. McFarlane, E. Lange, S. Cunningham, D. Cavenor, A. Cullen, B. Siler.

2ND PREP. CLASS—Misses J. Riopelle, E. Edes, E. Botsford, L. Gustine, H. Peak, F. and G. Wells, L. Johnson, D. Allen, J. Brown, L. Kirchner, N. McGrath.

3RD PREP. CLASS—Misses C. Maigrey, L. Brownbridge, L. Schwass, S. Swalley.

JR. PREP. CLASS—Misses C. Yates, A. Goewey, M. Hogan, L. Hutchinson, A. Ewing, N. Mann, H. Kraus, M. Hoffman, E. Lappin, M. Derby, M. Redfield.

1st JR. CLASS—Misses I. Mann, K. Hudson, M. Bell, C. Hughes, and E. Simpson.
2ND JR. CLASS—Misses R. Goldsberry and Y. Mier.

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Use of Piano,	10 00
Use of Violin,	2 50
Vocal Lessons { General Class Principles,	10 00
{ Vocal Culture,	15 00
Elocution—Special Course,	5 00
Use of Library, (per session)	1 00
Drawing,	15 00
Telegraphy	10 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus	5 00
Graduation Fee, { Classical Course,	16 00
{ Scientific Course,	10 00
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The first Session begins on the 1st Tuesday of September; the second on the 1st of February.

For further particulars, address

REV. P. J. COLOVIN, C. S. C.

College Societies.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE B. V. M.

T. Murphy, *President*; Henry C. Cassidy, *Secretary*.

THE ST. ALOYSIUS PHILODEMIC SOCIETY.

T. A. Dailey, *Pres't*; J. J. Gillen, *Rec. Sec'y*; T. Ney *Cor. Sec'y*.

THE SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

D. J. O'Connell, *Pres't*; H. W. Quan, *Sec'y*.

THE ST. CÆCILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION.

J. A. Lyons, *Pres't*; R. Downey, *Rec. Sec'y*; J. P. McHugh, *Cor. Sec'y*.

THE THESPIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. A. Lyons, *Pres't*; R. H. Staley, *Rec. Sec'y*; T. J. Murphy, *Cor. Sec'y*.

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY AND DEBATING CLUB.

T. F. O'Mahony, *Pres't*; Jos. Campbell, *Rec. Sec'y*; N. J. Mooney, *Cor. Sec'y*.

THE NOTRE DAME BOATING CLUB.

T. F. O'Mahony, *Pres't*; J. J. Gillen, *Sec'y*.

THE ST. STANISLAUS PHILOPATRIAN ASSOCIATION.

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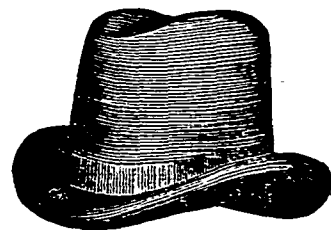
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On and after Sunday, Dec. 1, 1874, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.35	A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 10.20; Cleveland, 2.45 P. M.; Buffalo, 8.55 P. M.
10.12	A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main Line; Arrives at Toledo, 11.57 P. M.; Cleveland, 9.50
11.57	A. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.25; Cleveland, 9.40 P. M.; Buffalo 4.20 A. M.
9.11	P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.10 P. M.
8.00	P. M. (No. 10) Toledo Express, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.30 A. M., Cleveland 7.05 A. M., Buffalo 1.10 P. M.
5.44	P. M. [No. 70], Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

3.18	A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.15; Chicago 6.30 A. M.
5.24	A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 6.15 Chicago, 8.30 A. M.
6.31	P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 7.30; Chicago, 10. P. M.
5.44	P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte 6.35; Chicago, 9
8.00	A. M. (No. 9), Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 8.55 A. M., Chicago 11.10.
9.15	A. M. [No. 71] Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
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J. H. PARSONS, Supt Western Division, Chicago.
W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.
S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific R. R.

Depot, corner Van Buren and Sherman sts. Ticket-office,
Grand Pacific Hotel.

TRAINS.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Omaha, Leavenworth and Archison Express,	10.13 a m	3.30 p m
Penn Accommodation,	5.00 p m	9.30 a m
Night Express	10.30 p m	6.15 a m

Michigan Central Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Taking effect December 27th, 1874.

Going East.

Trains.	Leave Chicago.	Leave Niles.	Arrive at Detroit
Mail - - -	5 00 a m	9 02 a m	5 45 p m
Day Express - -	8 30 a m	11 47 a m	6 30 p m
Accommodation -	3 35 p m	7 35 p m	8 45 a m
Atlantic Express -	5 15 p m	8 55 p m	3 50 a m
Night Express -	- 9 p m	12 45 p m	8 00 a m

Going West.

Trains	Leave Detroit.	Leave Niles.	Arrive at Chicago.
Mail - - -	7 00 a m	4 05 p m	8 05 p m
Day Express - -	10 20 a m	5 20 p m	9 00 p m
Accommodation -	1 50 p m	6 30 a m	10 35 a m
Evening Express -	5 40 p m	2 34 a m	6 30 a m
Pacific Express -	10 00 p m	5 00 a m	8 30 a m

NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

Leave South Bend—8 a m, 3 p m, 6.30 p m, *9 a m, *7 p m.
Arrive at Niles—8.45 a m, 3.55 p m, 7.10 p m, *9.40 a m, *7.40 p m.
Leave Niles—6.30 a m, 9.20 a m, 5.10 p m, *8 a m, *5 p m.
Arrive at South Bend—7.15 a m, 10 a m, 5.55 p m, *8.40 a m, *5.40 p m

NOTRE DAME STATION.

Going East, via Niles.

Depart—8 07 a m, 6.38 p m, *9 07 a m, *7 07 p m.
Arrive—7 07 a m, 9 42 a m, 5 46 p m, *8 32 a m, *5 32 p m

Going West, via Niles.

Depart—3 10 p m. Arrive—9 42 a m.

Trains marked thus * † run Sunday only.

C. D. WHITCOMB, General Ticket Agent, Detroit, Mich.
FRANK E. SNOW, Gen. Western Passenger Agent, Detroit, Mich.
S. R. KING, Passenger and Freight Agent, South Bend, Ind.
B. CELESTINE, Ticket Agent, Notre Dame, Ind.

H. C. WENTWORTH, W. B. STRONG,
General Passenger Agent, General Superintendent,
Chicago. Chicago.

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:40 a.m.	*8:10 p.m.
Kansas City and Denver Fast Ex- press, via, Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*12 30 p.m.	*2 50 p m
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*12:00 p.m.	*2:50 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation, St. Louis, Springfield, Texas and New Orleans Lightning Ex- press, via Main Line,	*4:30 p.m.	*9:20 a.m.
	†9:45 p.m.	†7:30 a.m.

* Except Sunday. † Except Saturday. ‡ Daily. § Except Monday
The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and
a Saturday Night Train.

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

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Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Gen'l Superintendent,
CHICAGO. CHICAGO.

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PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run
between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New
York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9 00 p. m.	Arrives at New York 11.30 a.m.*
2d train " " 5.15 p. m.	" " 6.41 a.m.*
3rd train " " 9.00 p. m.	" " 11.30 p.m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and
Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.
J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent Pittsburgh.
D. M. BOYD, JR., Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Phila.
F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh.
W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

*Second day.